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"I love the memory of the past,—its pressed, yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers, —
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

"Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me ;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be ;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words, — "My dear, where
have you been ?" — pp. 253 – 257.

ART. VIII. — *Merry-Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1848.
2 vols. 12mo.

THE early history of Plymouth and Massachusetts, though it is a record of adventures, perils, and hardships, and many strongly marked characters appear in it, certainly presents few materials for romance. The whole foreground of the canvas is occupied by the grim figures of the Puritans, and in the distance appear only a few Indians flitting about like shadows in the interminable forests. It is a wild and stern scene, but its features are not pliable enough for the imagination to work upon. It does not offer those striking contrasts of situation and character, that variety of costume and scenery, or those rapid alternations of fortune, of light and gloom, in which the writer of fiction delights. The story is even a monotonous recital of exile, labor, and suffering, bravely endured from the holiest of all motives. It claims attention and study from the moralist, the philosophical observer of human nature, and even from the statesman ; but it hardly arrests the notice of those who crave only a pleasurable excitement of the fancy and the intellect. The earliest settlers were all men of the same stamp, or they differed from each other only in shades and degrees of what we now call religious fanaticism. Their mode of life, during the infancy of

the Colony, was prosaic enough ; they fished, and tilled the ground, and studied the Bible, and occasionally had a short but sharp fight with the savages. The necessities of their situation made them rugged, patient, and parsimonious ; they had enthusiasm enough, but it was all turned one way, toward that least poetical of all subjects, theological metaphysics. Their language and demeanour, their opinions and conduct, often seem extravagant and even grotesque to our modern notions ; but their extravagance was not of that sort which affords a fair opening for ridicule, for it seemed in union with the nature of the enterprise in which they were engaged, and it was redeemed by the noblest and most dignified traits of character. Though the epithet may seem to be ill chosen, we must say that the Puritan pioneer always seemed to us eminently respectable in his motives and behaviour ; we may censure his conduct, but we cannot ridicule or despise it.

Set the same characters on a different stage, contrast them with brave and jovial cavaliers, place over against them the splendor and luxury of a court, surround them with the pomp and circumstance of war waged on a large scale, and they at once become picturesque and striking objects, and afford great scope for imaginative or humorous delineation. This was the way in which Scott treated his Covenanters, certainly not the least impressive portraits in the grand Waverley gallery. But while, in the *Old World*, the peculiarities of the Puritan were everywhere set off and magnified by contrast, the forbidding aspect of the yet untenanted shores, the cheerless climate, and pathless forests of New England were all in harmony with them. The picture has acquired a solemn and pathetic interest, but it is now monotonous in tone. The situation of the early settlers required rather fortitude than courage. The red men, after all, were a contemptible enemy, at least during the first generation of the white settlers, who treated them more as menials than as friends or foes ; whenever they did rebel, doughty Captains Standish, Mason, and Underhill, with only a handful of English followers, mowed them down by hundreds. Afterwards, when they were fully supplied with English arms and ammunition, and had learned something of the white man's art of war, or perhaps when they had ceased to regard the white men as superior, if not as supernatural beings, they became more

formidable opponents. But at first, the great enemies that the Pilgrims had to contend with were cold, fever, and starvation ; and the record of this warfare, though a pitiable one, will not serve the purposes of romance. The most touching chapter of their history is that which records the number of burials that took place during the first winter after the arrival of the colonists at Plymouth and at Salem.

The first settlement of New England, then, is not a good field for the writer of fiction. The great interest which now attaches to the history of it is not altogether intrinsic, but is to a considerable degree the fruit of subsequent events. A glory is reflected back upon those small beginnings from the magnificent consequences to which they have led. It is not wholly because the Pilgrims founded a small colony in the wilderness, but because they unconsciously laid the seeds of a mighty empire there, that we now study their brief and rapidly fading records with so much curiosity and respect. Had all the Plymouth colonists perished the first winter, as half of them did, their story would have been only an appendix to that more copious one of the failure of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonies in Virginia. The writer of romance must seek a theme which has attraction enough in itself, which bears a braver show and a more thrilling interest at the moment, though its splendors may be very short-lived. The event which is momentous in regard chiefly to its distant consequences is a study for the historian and the philosopher, but not for the poet.

Though a multitude of attempts have been made, the only really successful novel that we remember, founded on the early history of Massachusetts, is Miss Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie*. Even here, however, the writer has judiciously kept the historical element quite in the background, nearly all the incidents and characters being imaginary. The most interesting personage, Magawisca, though a charming conception, is an Indian maiden only in name. She is the poetical, but not the historical, child of the forest ; she is Pocahontas transplanted to the North, and not having a drop of kindred blood with the copper-colored savage of our own primitive woods. In truth, the North American Indian is but a sorry subject for poetry and romance ; art has tried in vain to idealize his features, and make a hero of him. His taciturnity, arising from indolence and lack of thought, has been

mistaken for dignity ; his apathy, for Stoicism ; the acuteness of his senses, cultivated by long practice in hunting, for sagacity and forethought ; and the meagreness of his language, which can express abstract ideas only by names borrowed from sensible objects, for the affluence of his imagination. He is equally cowardly, cruel, and obstinate, and affords on the whole not so good a subject for civilization as the native African. The only reason, we suspect, for his fancied superiority to the negro, is the finer proportions and greater vigor and beauty of his animal frame. When not debased by instruction in the vices of the whites, he is, indeed, a noble specimen of the man-animal. Benjamin West's *naïve* exclamation when he first saw the Apollo Belvedere, "My God, how like a young Mohawk Indian !" showed an artist's quick perception of form, and did no more than justice to the savage. But the heart and intellect are wholly unworthy of their lodging-place ; Christian philanthropists have labored with untiring energy and patience to improve both, but they have labored in vain. A full-blooded Indian never was wholly tamed yet, and we believe he never will be.

From the general tenor of these remarks, our readers will readily perceive that we did not expect much from the announcement of a new romance, founded on the early history of Massachusetts. But we have been to some extent agreeably disappointed. *Merry-Mount* contains more of the materials of romance than it seemed possible to gather from our barren shores in the olden time, and they are worked up with considerable freshness and vigor. The book is powerfully, though unequally, written, and some of the characters and scenes are thrown off with so much spirit and effect, that we should have anticipated marked success for the writer, if he had chosen a more tractable subject. As it is, we cannot flatter him with the prospect of a widely extended popularity. As a work of art, his book has some glaring faults, which we may point out hereafter, when our readers have got some idea of the story, and of the personages who figure in it. By his choice of materials, the writer has, in fact, confirmed our theory as to the unfitness of the events and characters which belong to the times of the Pilgrims to serve as the groundwork of fiction. He has not left out the Puritans and the Indians altogether, but has confined them to a quite subordinate part in the action, and directed his attention chiefly to

a few mysterious persons whom history connects, indeed, with the first settlement of Massachusetts, though very little is known of them, and they seem singularly out of place when contrasted with the great majority of the actors on the scene. In this contrast, our author has found a peg on which to hang his whole romance. He has adhered quite closely — too much so, we think — to the truth of history. For what seems most extravagant and fantastic in his conceptions, he can quote chapter and verse from our early annalists. But the historical notice of these persons is very brief and fragmentary, and they appear as names or shadows, rather than as living beings. The historical antiquary has with difficulty hunted up some obscure hints, from which we derive a faint notion of their characters and business. These hints our author has expanded, as he had a right to do, into full portraitures and narrations, and on them has raised the whole structure of his romance.

It is well known that the founders of the Massachusetts Colony proper, when they arrived here under Winthrop, bringing the charter with them, found that the shores of the Bay were not wholly untenanted by white men. A few "Old Planters," as they were called, had already established themselves here, several of whom had so little in common with the bulk of the Colonists who came after them, that it is difficult to imagine what motives they had for thus creating to themselves a home in the wilderness. Some of them may have remained after the failure of the several unsuccessful attempts at colonization, which were made before 1625. Their position was a singularly lonely one; they probably subsisted by hunting and fishing, and drove a little traffic in peltry and dried fish. Conant's and Thompson's islands derived their names from these old settlers, and Boston, Salem, and Charlestown each claims one of them as its earliest white inhabitant. If they had not been in love with solitude and fearless of danger, we should suppose that they would have built their huts nearer together. Most of them were objects of suspicion and dislike to the Puritan Colonists, and soon after the arrival of the latter their predecessors vanish from the scene. These half-spectral beings, of whom we know so little, are the chief actors in the romance of Merry-Mount. Our author has filled out the faint outlines of history with such colors and drapery as suited his imagination, and the purposes of his fiction.

Foremost among these personages was the notorious Thomas Morton, of Mount Wollaston, or, as he called it, Merry-Mount, a name appropriate enough for the life of boisterous revelry which he is reported to have led there. Who his associates were, and what means he had of keeping up his noisy carousals in that wild place, does not appear. He was a thorn in the side of our Puritan forefathers, who certainly strained their legal authority in order to punish and drive him out of the Colony. Twice they sent him off as a prisoner to England, where, however, he soon obtained his liberty, as there does not appear to have been any charge against him which any code of laws, but that of Moses, took notice of; and twice did he return to vex the sober men of Massachusetts with his insolence, his madcap pranks, and his dealings with the natives. Deputy-Governor Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, speaks of him as follows :—

“In the end of this December [1630] departed from us the ship Handmaid, of London, by which we sent away one Thomas Morton, a proud, insolent man, who has lived here divers years, and had been an attorney in the west countries while he lived in England. Multitude of complaints were received against him for injuries done by him both to the English and Indians; and amongst others, for shooting hailshot at a troop of Indians for not bringing a canoe unto him to cross a river withal; whereby he hurt one, and shot through the garments of another. For the satisfaction of the Indians wherein, and that it might appear to them and to the English that we meant to do justice impartially, we caused his hands to be bound behind him, and set his feet in the bilboes, and burned his house to the ground, all in the sight of the Indians, and so kept him prisoner till we sent him for England; whither we sent him, for that my Lord Chief Justice there so required, that he might punish him capitally for fouler misdemeanours there perpetrated, *as we were informed.*”

This looks a little as if the worthy Deputy was half-conscious that Morton had not openly violated the laws of England, and was desirous of strengthening the charges against him on no better authority than that of common rumor. The insinuation of a capital offence committed in the mother country was downright calumny; for it does not appear that he was even tried in England, but was immediately set at liberty, and after publishing an abusive book against the Colony, he returned thither in 1643. The men of Plymouth

seem to have disliked his presence as much as those of Massachusetts, for they had caused Captain Standish to arrest him as early as 1628, and had sent him home under the custody of John Oldham. He tarried there hardly a year, and then came back to "his old nest at Merry-Mount." His real offence unquestionably was, that he sold fire-arms and ammunition to the savages, a traffic which was of course full of peril to the Colonists, though not directly forbidden by English law. Probably he sold them liquor also, receiving furs in exchange, at great profit, which he sent to Europe. Stimulated by the fire-water, the Indians were very likely to hold their nightly drunken riots near his house; and Morton with his associates may have participated in them, partly for the frolic's sake, and partly to cheat the intoxicated savages out of their peltry to greater advantage. Thus his proceedings were in every way grievous to the stern Puritans, though the law could get no good hold of him. He was a dangerous neighbour, and deserved to be sent out of the Colony. Considering how resolutely on many occasions our forefathers took the authority of life and death, which their charter did not give them, the only wonder is that they did not hang him.

A still more mysterious person was Sir Christopher Gardiner, as he called himself, though Dudley informs us that he "was no knight, but instead thereof had two wives now living in a house at London, one of which came about September last [1630] from Paris in France (where her husband had left her years before) to London, where she had heard her husband had married a second wife, and whom, by inquiring, she found out." Both his wives wrote to Governor Winthrop, desiring that he might be apprehended and sent home. The former one was willing to receive him again, if he showed repentance, and would in future lead an orderly life. But the one last married, and therefore the more cruelly wronged, was impatient to obtain revenge for what she had suffered, and restitution of the property he had deprived her of, of which she sent out an inventory, "comprising therein many rich jewels, much plate and costly linen." Gardiner had lived in Massachusetts before Winthrop arrived there, and was suspected of being an agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who maintained a claim to the greater part of the land which the Colony occupied. A woman lived with him who pretended to be his near relation; but one of his wives,

in her letter, declared that the true name of this person was Mary Grove, "affirming her to be a known harlot, whose sending back into Old England she also desired, together with her husband." Governor Winthrop, eagerly embracing the opportunity of getting rid of a bad man and a dangerous neighbour, sent out a party to seize Gardiner ; but he obtained a hint of their approach, and escaped into the woods, where he wandered about for a long time, and was thought to have perished of hunger and cold. He was finally captured, however, through the aid of the Indians, and brought to Boston, whence he was sent a prisoner to England. But it would seem that bigamy was not severely punished in those days, for we hear of him afterwards as acting in concert with Morton and Gorges, striving to injure the Colonists and take away their patent. The party first sent in pursuit of him apprehended only his paramour, who appears to have been examined before the Council.

"His woman was brought unto us," writes Dudley, "and confessed her name, and that her mother dwells eight miles from Boirdly, in Salopshire, and that Gardiner's father dwells in or near Gloucester, and was (as she said) brother to Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, [who had been dead seventy-five years,] and did disinherit his son for his twenty-six years' absence in his travels in France, Italy, Germany, and Turkey ; that he had (as he told her) married a wife in his travels, from whom he was divorced, and the woman long since dead ; that both herself and Gardiner were Catholics till of late, but were now Protestants ; that she takes him to be a knight, but never heard when he was knighted. The woman was impenitent and close, confessing no more than was wrested from her by her own contradictions. So we have taken order to send her to the two wives in Old England, to search her further."

The third strange character among the "Old Planters" was William Blackstone, or Blaxton, whose name is well known as that of the earliest white inhabitant of Boston, though very little else is known of him. He was a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, became a clergyman, and for some inexplicable reason came to this country as early as 1625, and settled himself in entire seclusion on the peninsula then called by the Indian name of Shawmut. He held the land either by a grant from Gorges, with whom he certainly had some connection, or on the plea that he was the first

white man who ever slept there. The new-comers did not quarrel with him, but in several successive bargains purchased the land of him ; and as he, like Leatherstocking, could not bear the near vicinity of a crowd, he moved off, in 1635, to Rhode Island, where he died about forty years afterwards. He was a gentle sort of hermit, and passed his time mostly in his garden and his library, where he had a good collection of books. His nearest neighbour, while he dwelt at Shawmut, before the Massachusetts Company came thither, was Thomas Walford, the blacksmith, who lived alone on the peninsula then called Mishawum, but now known as Charlestown. Of him we read only that, "for his contempt of authority and confronting officers," he was twice fined and ordered to depart out of the limits of this Patent ; once he paid his fine "by killing a wolf." He was probably a stalwart and reckless fellow, who stood on his rights as prior occupant of the land, and disliked having any neighbours, especially the stern Puritans.

These particulars about the Old Planters we have mostly gleaned from Mr. Young's excellent *Chronicles of Massachusetts*. Our readers may think we have dwelt upon them too long, to the exclusion of the romance, or novel, which forms our professed subject. But the truth is, they constitute the novel, with such embellishments, descriptions, conversations, and introduction of minor and wholly fictitious personages, as may be readily imagined. We have unfolded its whole plot, with the exception of a short love-story, not very skilfully managed, between a Puritan maiden and her betrothed, who was once a gay man of the world, but is converted to Puritanism mostly by her gentle influence. Of course, she gets into various difficulties and dangers, and he rescues her from them. Gardiner, who is the villain of the piece, endeavours to get her into his power, probably intending to make her his third wife or second leman ; but his schemes are rendered abortive by the discovery, just at the right moment, of the multiplied crimes of which he had been guilty at home. He is driven into the woods ; Morton, who had been to some extent his coadjutor, though not in the betrayal of women, is set in the stocks ; and the fair Edith marries her faithful and now converted Henry Maudsley.

We think the writer's descriptive power wholly exceeds his conception of character and invention of circumstances.

He dwells, perhaps, too long and fondly upon his imagination of the landscape as it was, before the stillness of the forest had been broken by the axe of the settler ; but the picture is so finely drawn, with so much beauty of language and purity of sentiment, that we cannot blame him for lingering upon the scene. The charm consists, of course, in the strong contrast of nature with art, which is thus vividly brought to mind. We still look upon the same expanse of earth, but the arts of civilized man have altered all its features, and given a totally different expression to the view. Our extracts must be too short to present any fair idea of our author's scene-painting on a large scale ; but they may afford a hint of his power in this respect, and induce our readers to obtain the book, and judge for themselves. The following is taken from an elaborate picture of the peninsula of Boston as it was, when William Blackstone was its sole inhabitant.

“ A solitary figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused, dark-colored, half canonical dress, with a gray, broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls, far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long, slender thread of land, which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula ; upon the southeast, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form, and upon the other side, and towards the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut, that was derived the appellation of Trimountain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.

“ The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea.

“ The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semicircle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while

beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers, and that far distant fatherland which the exile had left for ever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine, or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil. The bay presented a spectacle of great beauty. It was not that the outlines of the coast around it were broken into those jagged and cloud-like masses, that picturesque and startling scenery where precipitous crag, infinite abyss, and roaring surge unite to awaken stern and sublime emotions; on the contrary, the gentle loveliness of this transatlantic scene inspired a soothing melancholy, more congenial to the contemplative character of its solitary occupant. The bay, secluded within its forest-crowned hills, decorated with its necklace of emerald islands, with its dark blue waters gilded with the rays of the western sun, and its shadowy forests of unknown antiquity, expanding into infinite depths around, was an image of fresh and virgin beauty, a fitting type of a new world, unadorned by art, unploughed by industry, unscathed by war, wearing none of the thousand priceless jewels of civilization, and unpolluted by its thousand crimes, — springing, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, cool, dripping, sparkling, and fresh from the hand of its Creator.

“On the left, as the pilgrim sat with his face to the east, the outlines of the coast were comparatively low, but broken into gentle and pleasing forms. Immediately at his feet lay a larger island, in extent nearly equal to the peninsula of Shawmut, covered with mighty forest-trees, and, at that day, untenanted by a human being, — although but a short time afterwards it became the residence of a distinguished pioneer. Outside this bulwark, a chain of thickly wooded islets stretched across from shore to shore, with but one or two narrow channels between, presenting a picturesque and effectual barrier to the boisterous storms of ocean. They seemed like naiads, those islets lifting above the billows their gentle heads, crowned with the budding garlands of the spring, and circling hand in hand, like protective deities, about the scene.” — Vol. I. pp. 77 – 79.

There is another sketch, nearly as good, of the river Charles on a fine summer's day, as the solitary of Shawmut was paddling his canoe along its tranquil waters. But we prefer to borrow a description of the scene from which the novel takes its name.

“Merry-Mount — for by that cheerful title, most grating to the ears of the Plymouth people, was the place now designated — was as agreeable a place for an exile’s residence as could have been found in the Bay. In the centre of a half moon, the two horns of which curved outward to the sea, forming a broad and sheltered basin, was a singularly shaped, long, elevated mound, rising some fifty feet above the level of the tide. It was a natural knoll of gravel, resembling in its uniformity an artificial embankment; and although fringed about its base and its sides by white pines and red cedars, it was in its centre entirely bare of wood, and presented a bold front to the sea, which was separated from it only by a narrow strip of marsh. Beyond this cliff, upon the right, as you looked from the hill towards the ocean, was the broad mouth of Wessaguscus river; upon the left, a slender creek wound its tortuous way, through a considerable extent of salt marsh, to the sea. Beyond the creek and the marsh, was a line of prettily indented coast, with the picturesque promontory of Squantum bending sharply towards the ocean, near which, on the landward side, was a large, wooded, island-like hammock, called Massachusetts, or the Arrow Head, the residence, previously to the plague, of Chickatabot, sagamore of the adjacent territory called the Massachusetts Fields. Many gently swelling hills rose, one upon the other, beyond, thickly crowned with white oak, hickory, and ash, whose gigantic, but still leafless, tracery was clearly defined upon the sombre background of the shadowy pine forests, which closed the view towards Shawmut, and completely shut out that peninsula.

“On the inland side, the eye was delighted with a soft and beautiful panorama. As the region had long been inhabited, at previous epochs, by the Indians, there were many open clearings; and the underbrush and thicket having been, according to their custom, constantly burned, the tall oaks and chestnuts grew everywhere in unencumbered magnificence, and decorated a sylvan scene, of rolling hills, wide expanses, and woody dells, more tranquil and less savage than could have been looked for in the wilderness. Seaward, from the Mount, the view was enchanting. Round islands, tufted with ancient trees, and looking like broken links from the chain of hills around, seemed to float far out upon the waves, till they were one beyond another lost in the blue distance; while a low, but beautifully broken, line of coast fringed the purple expanse of the surrounding ocean, and completed the wilderness picture, fresh from the hand of Nature.

“In a sheltered nook, at the base of the cliff, with the river on the right, an inlet from the Atlantic in front, and embowered with ancient oaks, stood a very large, rambling, picturesque house,

built of the unbarked trunks of colossal trees, squared, and cemented together with clay. Adjacent was a large plot of garden ground, and scattered around, in pretty close proximity, were some twenty smaller log-huts, interspersed occasionally with rude Indian wigwams. A space of a dozen acres, including the Mount, was inclosed by a strong palisade, and upon the summit of the hill was a small fort, provided with a couple of murtherers, or demiculverins.

“Such was Merry-Mount, and such the domain of Thomas Morton, suzerain of Merry-Mount, as he styled himself, and Master of Misrule as he was designated by the Plymouth people, to whom he was an abomination.

“It was late in the afternoon of a foggy and ungenial day. A noise of merriment within the ‘Palace,’ as Morton denominated his log-house, caused the ancient forest to ring again. In the principal apartment was spread a long and ample table. Upon the rude but capacious hearth blazed a mighty pile of hickory logs, crackling defiance to the rain and wind that were beating and howling without; while, for additional illumination, were huge torches of pitch-pine, stuck in pewter sconces, and emitting a shifting but brilliant flare, which lighted up the gathering twilight of the perverse April evening.

“At the head of his rude table, with pipe in mouth, and a vast tankard at his elbow, was seated the Lord of Merry-Mount.” — Vol. I. pp. 40 – 42.

The story, as we have hinted, is not managed with much skill; but it has variety enough of incident and character, and is told with so much liveliness, that few will be inclined to lay it down before reaching the conclusion. The author has done well to denominate it a romance, for many of the scenes in it appear exaggerated and improbable, and most of the actors are wild and fantastic in their aspect and demeanour. The excuse, that most of these extravagances have the warrant of history in their favor, is not quite sufficient; the writer should have softened the improbabilities of the tale, instead of exaggerating them, as he has done. The annals of the first settlement of Massachusetts are a patchwork, and occasionally have something of a legendary character. Our forefathers were credulous, and they often heard mysterious sounds and saw strange sights. They believed in the immediate agency of the adversary who goeth about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour; and they honestly thought that all their worst foes, and most of those whom they re-

garded as pagans or unbelievers, were true children of the Devil. They lived in the skirts of vast and silent forests, in which lurked the hideously painted savages, now engaged in a frantic revel, and now performing abominable rites to false gods. Their situation and their religious faith alike tended to increase their feelings of wonder and awe, and to develope their imaginations. The history of the witchcraft delusion alone affords painful evidence of their liability to be grossly deceived; the most incredible stories were then solemnly attested on oath by individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would have shrunk with horror from the idea of perjury. The letters and journals of the Pilgrims were all deeply imbued with their peculiar feelings and modes of thought; and these documents, collected and edited with pious care, give us all the knowledge that we have of the history of their times. For all public occurrences and general facts, they are entirely trustworthy. But the accounts given in them of certain individuals, — the Old Planters especially, — who were viewed with distrust or open hostility by the body of the Colonists, should be received with caution; and the private narrations, marvellous stories, and other gossip of the day, which are chronicled in some of these papers, should be rejected without hesitation, if the balance of internal evidence is against them.

The character of Morton is evidently a favorite with our author, and is well brought out, though he seems out of place, considering the time and the scene, and the circle of grotesque personages by whom he is surrounded. He is represented as a scholar and a wit, a man of taste and a sportsman, a gay and reckless adventurer and reveller. His lively talk and incessant quotations from Horace smack more strongly of the dandy-scholar of the nineteenth century than of the boisterous and dissipated fortune-hunter on the wild shores of New England two hundred years ago. His vagabond retainers, Bootefish, Peter Cakebread, Rednape, and the Canary Bird are a disgusting set of brutes, such as never existed in any region on the earth, or in any limbo of a true poet's fantasy. To introduce such Trinculos and Calibans as the constant inmates of Morton, whom our author strives hard to make a gentleman of, though they may serve his purpose as foils to set off the forbidding aspect and resolute fanaticism of the Puritans, throws an air of out-

rageous improbability over the whole story. The Mayday revels at Merry-Mount, in which they are the chief performers, and which are described at considerable length and with some show of antiquarian learning, are altogether wearisome and improbable. The incongruities of the scene and the actors are so conspicuous, that they become positively offensive, and the illusion is entirely destroyed.

Among his numerous accomplishments, Morton is represented as an adept in the noble art of falconry. Training hawks and hunting with them in Massachusetts, in the year of our Lord 1630, was certainly a strange amusement ; and we do not wonder that the party of grim-visaged Puritans, who came up before the sport was finished, and made prisoner of Morton, were much scandalized by it as a gross violation of the proprieties of time and place. Still, the hawking scene is described with much spirit, and if we could forget the circumstances that render it so improbable, it would present a favorable specimen of the writer's ability. We can afford room only for a portion of it ; but this is a case in which Hesiod's rule applies, — that the half is often better than the whole.

“ They were standing at this moment upon that long, elevated knoll to which the name of Merry-Mount peculiarly belonged, and upon which the hands of its sovereign had erected, and the hands of Endicott demolished, the first May-pole ever elevated in Massachusetts. The scene around was still unchanged. The barren cliff, destitute of trees, was covered with a scanty herbage, and adorned with a few stunted golden-rods, a goodly store of mullens, and a profusion of the aromatic weed called everlasting, which loves the most gravelly and barren soil. From this elevated summit the eye wandered with delight, on that magnificent September morning, over the panorama of land and ocean, which glowed and sparkled in the bright sunshine and the invigorating breeze.

“ Morton, who had been caressing the beautiful falcon, which sat upon his fist, during his rambling conversation with Sir Christopher, now advanced a few yards into the wind. He then stopped, turned about, and suddenly unstriking her hood, tossed her into the air with an encouraging shout. The falcon expanded her strong wings with an impulse of delight, and rose directly over head, mounting in airy circles higher and still higher, till, diminished to a hardly perceptible point, she hung stationary for a moment in the blue depths above. Then, as if reconnoi-

tring the world below, and searching for a quarry, she sailed slowly along with gently flapping wings, until, apparently disappointed in her observations, she commenced again her spiral ascent till she was lost to view. Morton now whistled. The piercing note seemed to penetrate the arch above. There was a moment of suspense, during which nothing was visible in the sky, and Sir Christopher, who had been watching the falcon's motions with eager interest, shook his head suspiciously at Morton, as if to intimate that the haggard had borne away her bells, after all, and was not likely to obey her master's whistle. Morton answered the look with a confident smile, pointing upwards as he did so. At that moment the black point was again visible, at the next there was a rushing sound, and the hawk, falling through the air with closed wings, and with the speed of lightning, suddenly settled, as if by enchantment, upon her master's fist.

"'Bravely done, sweetheart!' said Morton, patting and fondling the obedient bird. 'I'd trust thee with a thousand golden guineas, had I so much filthy lucre; and now to look for something to strike at. If a gaggle of geese would come by now, — for it is time they should begin to congregate hither on their journey southwards.

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"Bootefish now advanced carefully, at a considerable distance in front of the others, holding a long pole in his hand. Gardiner held the goshawk's jesses loosely in his fingers, and held himself ready to unstrike her hood, as Morton designed that Ajax should fly at the game which was first started, in order to afford a lesson to the haggard.

"As had been rightly conjectured, Bootefish had not advanced very far, before he came suddenly upon a stray black duck, who happened to be feeding by himself in the plashy ground near the creek. The fowl rose screaming into the air, to the height of some dozen yards, and then flew in a straight line, and with great rapidity, almost directly over the heads of Morton and Gardiner. The knight, as quick as thought, jerked off the hood from the goshawk, and tossed her after her prey. The well-trained creature, her eyes flashing upon the quarry with unerring instinct, flew like lightning at her victim. Straight as an arrow flew the duck, with the velocity of the wind. With incredible swiftness the falcon pierced the air in his pursuit. Five minutes elapsed, and the pursuer and the pursued, flying in a perfectly straight line at the rate of a mile to the minute, had entirely disappeared from view. The sportsmen, using their long poles to assist them in leaping continually across the winding creek, in which exercise none was more adroit than Jaspar, followed as

nearly as possible in the direction first taken by the duck, which was obliquely across the marshes, towards the sea. Morton paused at last, and shook his head. The duck had flown so low, so straight, and with such wonderful rapidity, that he deemed it almost impossible for the hawk to have overtaken him. As the party stood, however, breathless with their violent exercise, very near the margin of the sea, a black speck in the air became suddenly visible to the eagle eye of Gardiner, who pointed it out to his companions.

“ ‘You are right, by Jupiter, Sir Christo!’ cried Morton, ‘the quarry has doubled upon her pursuer, and has lost the advantage of his straight flight. Ten thousand pounds to a guinea, he is a dead duck in five minutes.’

As Morton spoke, the quarry flew again over their heads, at about double the height at which he had started upon his course, and with somewhat diminished rapidity. He had evidently become disconcerted and confused by his fears, and now flew wildly and with frequent windings. The falcon, steady and unrelenting as destiny, followed close upon him, gaining at every turn. It was now that the chase became keenly interesting. The quarry, flying swiftly still, but in irregular circlings, and hotly pursued by her enemy, was easily kept in sight by the active sportsmen, who dashed hither and thither, running and leaping in every direction taken by the game. The airy chase rapidly approached its termination. The unfortunate victim, distracted and despairing, flew with diminished vigor. Already the wings of her enemy seemed to overshadow him, when suddenly the falcon rose high into the air above his head, mounting in short and rapid circles.

“ ‘Mark now, Sir Christopher,’ said Morton, looking with delight at the motions of his favorite, ‘mark now how beautifully she is going to stoop.’

“ The words had scarcely left his lips, when the peculiar, hurtling noise was heard, and the goshawk, falling through the air like a meteor, struck the quarry with her pounces, and despite its struggles, flew upwards, holding it aloft in triumph.

“ ‘Beautifully trussed, by Jupiter!’ cried Morton, whistling loudly as he spoke.

“ The obedient hawk descended to her master’s call, and laid the palpitating body of her victim, whom she had beaten to death with her muscular pinions, directly at her master’s feet. That done, she settled upon his fist again, shaking her silver bells, and turning her lustrous eye upon his, as if to read his approbation there.” — Vol. II. pp. 159 – 163.

Our author’s regard for the truth of history obliges him to

bring this lively scene to a most lame and impotent conclusion, as far as the dignity of the chief sportsman is concerned. His captors lead him before Winthrop and the Council, by whom he is formally sentenced to be set in the stocks, and their decree is carried into effect.

There are other incidents and characters in the romance, which are described with equal spirit, and do not give so rude a shock to the reader's credulity. The valiant Captain Standish, small in stature, but peppery in temper, is hit off with considerable humor, though the portrait does scant justice to the nobler qualities of the man. A skirmish between the whites and Indians, in which Walford, the blacksmith of Mishawum, plays the chief part, is well described; though this personage has little or nothing to do with the main thread of the story, he is the most natural and probable character in the work. The others are either somewhat exaggerated and fantastic, or they are so feebly drawn as to leave no distinct impression on the mind. The writer certainly needs practice in elaborating the details of a consistent and interesting novel; but in many respects he is well qualified for the task, and we shall be glad to meet him again on the half-historical ground that he has chosen. His present work, certainly, is not a fair specimen of what he is able to accomplish, and its failure, or partial success, ought only to inspire him for further effort.

ART. IX. — 1. *Handbuch der Staatswirthschaftlichen Statistik und Verwaltungskunde der Preussischen Monarchie.*

VON DR. FRIEDRICH BENEDICT WEBER, Professor zu Breslau. Breslau. 1840. 8vo. pp. 835.

2. *Versuch einer Statistik des Preussischen Staates.* Von DR. TRAUGOTT GOTTHILF VOIGTEL, Oberbibliothekare und Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Halle. Halle. 1837. 8vo. pp. 274.
3. *Preussen's Staatsmänner.* Vier Lieferungen. Leipzig. 1841-42.
4. *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung.* März, April, Mai, 1848.

AMIDST the events that have agitated Europe during the past year, the revolution which occurred in Berlin on the